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Alfred F. Horrigan, Editor

Dominic Pallone, Business Mgr.

Contents

ESSAYS

Concerning a Man of Letters--Edward McCarthy	305
Regaining Thrown-Aaway Health Edward Maziarz	317
Why Determination? -----Michael Stohr	327

SHORT STORIES—

Just Like a Story Book -----Eddie Williams*	309
Over the Wires -----John Downey	323

VERSE

Flora -----Herbert Eilerman	308
Spring -----Arnold Meiring	315
In The Linden Shade -----J. Gedden	316
The Dandelion -----Edward Hession	321
Dawn In Spring -----John Hamme	322
Ode To Seasons -----Patrick Thomas	340
The Cirrus Cloud -----E. Vorhold	342

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	331
Alumni	333
Books	334
Clubs	336
Exchanges	341
Locals	343
Sports	345
Humor	350

(*) Editor's Note: The last story of the "Eddie Williams" series appears in this issue of the COLLEGIAN. These stories have been written throughout the year by Messrs. William McKune and Edward Fischer, of Louisville, Kentucky, exclusively for this publication.

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Concerning a Man of Leisure

Edward McCarthy '35

NOT far from my bookcase lies a small book. It is not a first edition, not a best seller, but rather a parcel of that rare literature which repays careful reading. As I sit here gazing at the book and recollecting what it told me, I notice the sweet spring air sweeping about me as if it too were charged with the romance of which the book is suggestive. Without further ado, I may as well say that the book is no stranger to any one who has taken but the slightest dip in the sea of letters. For that one as for me, it has, above doubt, proved a source of delight and mental pleasure — pleasure, yes, that “Sketch Book”—I must let loose and write about it.

To tear open the “Sketch Book” and scatter its sporadic stories preparatory to a thorough criticism is not my purpose. Neither is it my intention to pose as a disciple or student of the great exponent of the Knickerbocker school. Folly it may be, and I may be degressive but it serves to make my position clear when I emphasize that I choose to be merely an observer, and at that a cheerful one, even as Washington

Irving himself was on his travels in and about the city of New York.

That he was a man of leisure explains why Irving was so great a discoverer of literary material at a time when subject matter and originality in America were lifeless, or more pointedly, embryonic. He had time to waste, but fortunately seized upon the convenient hours to journey and observe both personally and vicariously. In whatever place or situation he chanced to be, he saw clearly, understood perfectly, and memorized tenaciously. He never forgot anything worthy of note. Piece by piece he gathered a legend; bit by bit he saw a mosaic grow. Having only a minimum of material on hand at any one time, Irving, by the aid of his prolific imagination, produced a sizable volume, indeed, a volume that suggests the habit of being an extraordinary “liar in bed”—in the bed of meditating and ruminating on the material he had gathered. That bed must have been a drift of crackling leaves or a shock of stiff green grass from the hillsides near the Hudson river. As only too many people know, the word “bed” does not always invite

sleep; it is all too easy to think while lying in bed to allow sleep to be one's only concern. Tales and legends have been constructed more readily while the head of the author was in contact with a pillow rather than while resting in his hands. The ease and good nature everywhere evident in Irving's style and message would indicate a position of repose, a lying in bed, rather than a position of worry. His method is eager, joyful, in the meaning of cautiously avoiding all sense of unpleasantness.

In a period of political bickering and religious strife, Irving side-stepped every variety of controversy. Waiving the challenge of ceaseless and practically futile discussion, he sought for American romanticism. But America had no background in America; hence Irving went to Europe. Among the legends of the old world he found romance. He revelled in this romantic element, absorbed it, lived it, blended it with his imagination, trimmed his goose quill and sat down to write. Hence it is that most of the "Sketch Book" stories deal with English manners and places. English country life, in particular, holds the lion's share among these stories, though its possibilities appeared to have been drained by the Sir Roger de Coverly essays of Addison. Yet, Irving was too sympathetic towards his home land, America, to forget its legends. Even if the historical ground for these legends is precarious, the stor-

ies woven about them by Irving influenced America's growth manifestly by tending to inject into its people a sense of national unity. Was it strategy or accident that contemporaneous American and English portraits should be set side by side in the "Sketch Book?" Whatever it was makes no difference as to the effect produced, for the happy combination of these portraits occasioned a better understanding and more sympathetic feeling between England and America.

But instead of setting forth opinions on the matter in hand, I am merely justifying what the matter of the "Sketch Book" implies. I desire, however, to give opinions about this work as well as to justify it. In the light of literature, the contents of the "Sketch Book" may be epitomized by the expression, glorious commonplaces. What is commonplace is always realistic; hence the perfect concreteness of the book. It treats of places that come directly into one's life. Its legends and narratives embrace simple incident; its expositions detail familiar places and subjects. From another angle an atmosphere of reminiscence pervades the entire book, as likewise does a breath of originality. This point of originality looks outrightly like a matter of style, but it is so organic that it is a matter of subject as well.

I have insinuated style; anyhow I am conscious of such insinuation. In consequence I may as well say at once that it is firmly established

that the style of Irving is his fame and that for the reason that his subject matter and his style are intimately joined. In other words, the man is the style. What a happy example! Irving's only reason for living was to write the beautiful and to write it in a beautiful manner. His style bears scrutiny.

Without an awkward word or stiff construction his diction continues on and on. Naturalness stands here in its fullest perfection. Elegance and refinement join in his 'over-the-tea-cups' narration. One senses a magnetic pull; one cannot lay the book aside, or at least only with reluctance, and then only if it is imperative to do so. Faulty combination of phrases, insipid metaphors are not in Irving's line. His ideas proceed logically and steadily in a chain whose links are all of equal strength. There is no drifting from the subject; no change in spirit. Critics say that his style is transparent; what more could be wanted?

In description, which is a distinctive feature of the "Sketch Book," Irving is hard to excel. Like Galsworthy, he is a master at character-sketching; like Tennyson, he knows how to visualize a scene. The men and women portrayed by him rise up before the mind's eye, physically and emotionally. There are about them dress, feelings, facial expressions, and individual oddities. They appear casual, yet they cannot be overlooked. They are people whom one bumps into daily

—or nearly so—; plain common, neighborly persons; hence not impulsive. They suit the local color of the scene in which they are made to act; they play their part without halting or dragging, and they know when to slip from view. But while they engage the reader's attention, they are vivid, positive, appealing.

That Irving is a blend of Addison and Goldsmith has often been asserted by admiring critics. I freely join in their admiration, for, in reading these authors side by side, I did not fail to note the smoothness of Addison and the very childlike simplicity of Goldsmith holding part in Irving, though I must admit that the opinion I gleaned from critics may have influenced my understanding. The conclusion at which I have arrived, however, —a personal opinion of mine—is that I should be willing to part with Addison and Goldsmith if only I might have Irving as an intellectual companion. There is no striving for effect with him; there is no eternal 'child' in him; he is one whose broad sensibilities, without flaw or affectation, make him a perfect gentleman.

By virtue of his gentlemanly disposition he was impelled to confess that it was his purpose to please; he would not be an instructor or a pedagogue. To satisfy the one purpose he had in mind, he wrote in order to spread cheerfulness. There is a significance even in the name of his Hudson home, "Sunnyside," suggestive of the same

purpose—sunshine, pleasure, happiness. He has left the “Sketch Book” as a bit of pleasant reading by a man of leisure for a man of leisure, and even if it is not a modern best seller, it has that spice of life in it which most modern best sellers fail to offer—cheerfulness.



Flora

H. Eilerman '34

She stands among bloom-clouded trees
Well clad in fragrant broidery,
Before her lie the greening leas
With singing birds, her coterie.

Beneath her bonnet's shady brim,
Her tresses roll in jetty curls
And shield her sight from glaring glim
Of darts which fiery Phoebus hurls.

Her blue eyes mock the azure skies
And beam with joy at every look;
Their tint each artist's craft defies
With color rare from Nature's book.

Each morning greets her with a smile
As radiant sweetheart of the sun;
No wiles her pleasant thoughts beguile,
For love in fullness she has won.

Of fairy elfs, none has been seen,
Which Flora's graces too might boast;
For she alone is Nature's Queen
And soothing luxury's fairy host.



Just Like a Story Book

Eddie Williams '34

IT'S a nice spring day, I would say, as much of it as I can see from a sidewalk of State Street—just the kind of a day that ought to bring a nice night, and I'm in the mood for a proposal at last, if ya' get what I mean. I'm strollin' along during lunch hour, thinkin' up a nice way to approach the subject. But all of a sudden, the subject and the approach scoot out of my mental camera, when I spot a guy comin' toward me with St. Louie written all over his map. I know him—and don't like him. Never did.

He don't see me till we're pretty close. Then he jumps and stops still with his mouth open—but only for a second. He sprouts a plastered smile, and we shake hands. "Well, if it ain't Eddie Williams,

little Edward himself: and without the bodyguard? Where's Midge?"

Ya' see, Midge, my pal who was plugged by Petrolle, helped me out once in a little deal that didn't do this mug I'm meetin' now any good. I might as well explain it right now.

This bird's yellow, see. Always was. His name's Bud Mont, but names don't mean anything. Well, Midge always hated anything lighter than his native green, bein' Irish, so he didn't have any use for Mont. 'Course me and Midge usually agreed on things, especially this one.

Well, one day we found out that this Mont guy was pullin' off a neat little high-time robbery, that was gonna sort of resolve itself into a little shootin' party to get a double-crossin' political boss out

of the way. Mont was good for the robbery, we knew, but Midge didn't trust him. Midge was kinda' sweet at the time on a girl who's dad was in Mont's clutches, payin' protection, helpin' along jobs and all that, you know. Well, somehow Midge got wind that the girl's old man was to handle the rod whether he wanted to or not, and we were pretty sure he didn't want to. It was a plant job, see, simple as daylight; the old man under force would shoot the big shot in his sleep, then he'd get a hunk o' lead in himself somewhere from one of the gang. When the police would arrive the big shot would be dead with a little steel vanity case empty by one, in his hand, and the old man would be on the floor or somewhere with a pea-shooter with one hole in it. So it would just look like a mutual shootin' party. Mont, in the meanwhile would be dividin' up the loot on the other side of St. Louie.

But it just happened that this particular political boss was a friend of ours in our racket, and Midge couldn't let his doll's pop get himself blotted, so we stepped in and sorta' stole the show. When Mont and his henchies arrived at the house about two o'clock in the morning, he found a few nice boys waitin' for 'im. There was a little shootin', but Mont wiggled down in no time, so Midge and me took 'im in, gave him a little fatherly advice, especially as concerned the doll's daddy, and sent 'im home. Mont boiled for a good while after that,

but I think we had 'im cowed.

Anyway, I shake hands with 'im now; it's good to see a guy from home, even if he is a personal enemy. Gives you a chance to talk nasty without hurtin' your conscience. "You know where Midge is," I tell 'im. "You kept on his heels long enough waitin' for a chance to dig a knife in his ribs."

"Aw, now listen," Mont blubbers, "I forgot all that a long time ago. No hard feelings with me. I'm goin' straight now, just like you are. The Missus got me out of the racket. No money in it since prohibition got the gate."

"Yeah? What are ya' doin' now?" I ask him.

"Me?" He kinda' stumbles a minute. "Oh, a few odd things here and there. Everything on the level, though. Say, how about lettin' bygones be bygones, and put on the feed bag with me?"

That sounds O. K. with me so I take him up on it. We go into a little restaurant around the corner and sit down.

"Say, Ed," says Mont, after we've given our order, "I hear you've got a pretty nice job on a paper, diggin' up dope on the big shots, is that right?"

"How'd ya' know?"

"Oh, things get around. Makin' pretty much I guess, huh?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Got a nice lookin' car, and a swell dame, haven't you?"

"Where'd you find that out?"

"Oh, things get around. The

Missus was tellin' me the other day that if I ever ran across you in town I oughta have you and Marie over to supper some night at our dump."

"Even know her name, don't you. Well, we'll think about it."

"Where does she live?"

I glare at him.

"Now, don't get me wrong," he half laughs nervously. "I just wanta know if she lives anywhere near us, ya' see."

"Seventy-ninth street."

"S'pose you call her up and see if you two can come over tonight."

Ya' know, I'm not so sweet on this guy, Mont, but what can you do when a fellow tries to be nice once in his life. I fade into a telephone booth near the entrance of the restaurant and call Marie. We talk a lot of nothin' at first, and then I tell her about this guy, Mont, and his invite.

"I'm awfully sorry, Eddie," she says, "but I've promised a girl friend of mine that I'd be at her house for supper tonight."

"Where does she live?" I ask her. "I'll drop around to the house about eight, and we'll forget about Mont."

"All right, do," says Marie. "She lives on West Twenty-second St."

"West Twenty-second?"

"Yes," and Marie gives me her address.

A little while after that I hang up and turn around just in time to see what I think is Mont's hat rim disappear to the side of the glass door of the booth. When I

come out he's walkin' over to the bar smokin' a cigarette.

About a half hour later, I tell Mont, "so long" in front of the restaurant. He goes west and I head back up toward State street. No sooner do I leave Mont when I bump into a young detective friend of mine who supplies me with a lot of dope on the thugs.

"Hello, Ed," he grins, "What's the matter? Can't you find anything happening these days?"

All of a sudden an idea smacks me.

"Got anything special to do right now, Jim?" I ask him off the subject.

"Naw, not a thing doin'. Chicago's gone to sleep."

"Wanna do me a favor?"

"Any kick in it? I crave excitement."

"Might be. See that guy walkin' down the street? Kinda' flabby, wobbles a little, got a grey hat on."

Mont is just crossin' the next street, walkin' pretty fast.

"Yeah, I got 'im," says Jim.

"Trail him. Find out where he goes and phone me at the office."

"O. K. What's he done?"

"Nothin' yet—but."

"I get you. Call you as soon as he lights somewhere."

"Thanks."

The dick scoots after Mont, and I go back to the office.

About five o'clock Jim's voice comes over the wire: "Had a tough time keepin' up with the bird, Ed. But I finally downed him. He ap-

pears to be hangin' out in an old brick house on West Twenty-Sixth St. near the line." And he gives me the house number. "Thanks a lot, Jim. If anything interestin' happens I'll write you up."

"Atta boy," I can almost see him grinnin'. "If you want anything else done let me know."

"O. K. So long."

But I'm not thinkin' I'll need him any more. I'll keep an eye on Mont myself.

A little later I check out and have supper in town. After ridin' around with nothin' in particular in mind till about seven-thirty, I head the roadster west and start thinkin' up some more things that go with a proposal. Just bought this buggy about two weeks ago, and she sure steps pretty. The dough's been rollin' in pretty nice lately after that Washington job, and I can't see a reason why Marie shouldn't marry me. That rich uncle of hers on the Tribune oughta be good for a little to start on.

But here I am at the girl friend's house. I don't know her, but as long as Marie's inside I guess it's all right. I park the auto and then scramble up the terrace steps. A young red head comes to the door.

"How d'you do?" I start out. "Is Marie here?"

"Marie—?" she says, "Who are you?"

"I'm Eddie Williams."

"Why didn't you just pick her up a little while ago?"

"Pick her up? What d'ya mean?"

"Well, I was sittin' on the front porch waiting for her right before supper. After she got off the street car, she came walkin' this way, when half-way up the block a car pulled up beside her. A man got out and stopped her."

"What did he look like?"

"Well, he was a little fat,—I couldn't see his face,—and he had on a grey hat."

"And then she got in the car, huh, and drove away?"

"Yes, there was another man driving the car. I don't know just why—"

But I don't want to hear more.

"Got a telephone?" I snap.

"Yes."

I bust in the house. "Where is it?"

"In the hall—why, what's the matter?"

In a minute I've got Jim on the wire. "Listen, Jim," I yell, "Get down to Twenty-Sixth street as fast as you can. The place you spotted this afternoon. Yeh, he just pulled a kidnap—my girl. Drive like wild, and I'll meet you there." And I hang up.

"Kidnap?" gasps the girl.

"I might need you later as a witness," I tell her and dash out of the house.

It's practically dark now. I switch on the headlights and start the motor hummin', headed for Cicero. In ten minutes I'm across the line. It don't take me long to

spot the old brick house. I drive past a little way, park the car, and then walk back to the hangout. The whole place is dark except for a light in the basement. I strut up to the window and look in. There is Mont and four of the mugs from his St. Louie gang sittin' around a little table havin' a confab. There are liquor glasses and a deck of cards on the table, but they don't seem to be doin' anything but talkin'. I can hear a little of what they're sayin' from where I'm at.

"What's the use of pickin' such small stuff, Bud?", one guy is sayin'. "If we gotta go in for kidnapping; we gotta go after bigger money. You ain't gonna get anythin' for this dame."

"Listen, Shorty," says Mont, "This dame is Eddie Williams' girl, see. Remember the little score we have gotta settle up with him? Well, he's gonna pay off now and pay off plenty."

"How much?"

"I think him and the dame's uncle oughta be able to raise about twenty-thousand smacks. And that ain't bad to start on."

Listenin' to that sets my blood boilin'; I can't stand still any longer. I've gotta get Marie and get her quick. The little Mary Ann in my coat pocket makes me feel like it won't take long.

I hurry around to the back of the house and find the outside entrance to the basement. Ploughin' down the steps I crash into the door and it flies open.

For a second there are four surprised hoods in that basement; none of 'em makes a sound. I point the little pea-shooter at Mont and snarl at him:

"You come along with me," faintly conscious at the same time that a car was stoppin' out in front of the house.

Mont acts like he's petrified, but one of the thugs with a little more guts than the rest, picks up a whiskey glass and throws it, before I can do anything, at the electric light bulb above the table. It's a beaut of a shot. There is a loud jingle of glass and the basement becomes dark. Then I move fast.

I shove the automatic in my pocket and climb over the table after Mont. It's dark as pitch, but I've soon got my hands on him. Before he can yell, I cut loose in the darkness and catch him one on the jaw. I feel him go limp. One of the thugs grabs me around the neck. Quickly I whip out the automatic and stick it in his ribs. "Move." I tell him and he moves. I fire a couple of shots into the ceiling, hearin' the thugs scuffle behind chairs and under the table, then I drag Mont by the collar toward the door.

Once outside, I lay him down on the steps, hold the rod against his neck, and shake him into consciousness. "Come on," I growl at him, "You're not out. Where is she?"

He don't say anything.

"Where is she, you yellow louse?"

I yell. "Come across or I'll blow your head off."

"In the old white house," he says thickly, shakin' all over, "on the road past the airport. The Missus's got her."

I stand up, hearin' footsteps around the side of the building. "That you, Jim?" I yell. Jim's voice comes back. "This way," I yell at him. In a second the young detective comes runnin' back with another dick at his heels.

"In the basement, Jim," I tell him.

Jim snatches out a flashlight and gat and busts into the basement; the other dick takes care of Mont.

I'm pretty sure Jim can handle himself, so I go out in front and hop in the car once more. This time I hit the floor with the accelerator and go shootin' out the road toward the airport. When I get close to it I notice a plane is comin' down and the big ground beacon is lightin' up the whole country around. I drive past a little way and then start lookin' for the white house. There aren't many buildings around here so it oughta be easy to find. It isn't very long till I can see it in the light of the ground beacon, standin' off by itself. I park the car and get out. The airplane must be down now, for everything is dark again.

I go up to the house and ring the bell, once, twice, and then some more. After a long time an old duffer in a faded tux, that makes him look like he mighta' been a

butler once in his life, comes to the door. He opens it up just enough so he can see who I am, which isn't quite enough for me. I kick it wide open, almost upsettin' him, and let him see my gun. "Where's the girl?" I ask him.

"Do you mean me, Mr. Williams?" a voice says. There on the stairs in the hall is standin' a woman that I know is Mont's wife. I met her once in St. Louie.

"No, I don't mean you," I spout pretty loud. "I mean the nice, decent little girl you've got locked up here."

"Mr. Williams," she says, "I believe that you are being a little hasty. Just what do you mean?"

"You know what. Where's Marie?"

Then a sweet, silvery voice comes floatin' down the stairs. "Here I am, Eddie. Upstairs."

I start up the steps three at a time. Just before I reach the top, the house rocks with a loud noise, and I feel something sting me in the arm. I stop, turn around, and see Mont's wife with a smokin' revolver in her hand at the bottom of the steps. I've still got my own automatic.

There is a pause while we just look at each other. Then very slow I walk back down the steps, takin' my time, just lookin' at her. When I reach the bottom I lift the gun out of her hand without sayin' anything. She's just like Mont. "Now go back in the kitchen and

stay there," I tell her, and start up the stairs once more.

"It isn't long before I find the room where Marie is. But it's locked of course, so I tell her to get out of the way, and shoot the lock open. Then she's in my arms.

"Are you O. K. sweetheart?" I ask her.

"Sure," she says. "I knew you'd come. I've been waiting for you."

My left arm is a little wet, but I don't hardly notice it. We walk down the stairs and out of the house. Then we're in the car head-in' back toward town.

A plane is passin' over the airport, lookin' like three low stars with its red and green lights movin' slow across the black sky. Everything is still but the hum of the plane and the drummin' of the motor in the roadster. Marie is snuggled up close beside me lookin' happy. I bring the car to a stop beside the airport.

"Were you scared, honey?" I ask her again.

"No," she answers, "I told you, I knew you'd find me."

My arm is burnin', and my coat sleeve is stickin' to it, but what's a little thing like a nip in the arm when a girl says she believes in you.

Then I say somethin' I been wantin' to for a long time. I just blurt out that she's got to marry me 'cause I don't want to take a chance at losin' her for good. Marie just says, "I think I'll take you up on that Eddie."

Things are kinda quiet for awhile then Marie heaves one of those happy little sighs and says,

"Eddie, our romance has been just like in a story book."

"Yeah," I say, "An' the prince and princess live happily ever after, don't they?"

Spring

A. Meiring '34

Again the soft and southy zephyrs blow,
While gaily they pursue their northbound way
To make for man a happy holiday
Beneath the shelter of a kinder sky.
The brook that languished long in silent sleep
Awakes to sing its praise to rosy Spring;
And bees float on the breeze's scented wing,
While humming thanks to Spring for warmer days.

As Spring has driven Winter from the land,
So may all human troubles vanish into air;
May Flora shackle them with iron band
Whose stern confinement they may never dare
To break. And murky clouds shall fade away
Before the bright and genial warmth of May.



In the Linden Shade

J. Gedden '37

Beneath the shady linden tree,
I sat so many times
And listened to the whispering leaves
That lisped in God's own rimes.

I harkened to the murmuring brook,
Whose wavelets slithered by;
I heard the humming of the bees,
While larks sang in the sky.

Near me grew the crimson rose;
The violet, tender blue;
The linden flowers nearer were,
But nearest me, were you.

To bless these days of blissful shade
Some angel wandered near,
For I did feel that all around
Was heavenly atmosphere.

Anew I've sought the linden tree,
But now the thrilling lark,
The bees, the brook, the leaves above
Are still; and all is dark.

And yet in mind, I limn the scene,
The rose, the violet there;
But softly with the feet of time
They went, I know not where.

Beneath that tree, I sit alone;
It's spring, but not for me,
And slowly falls a sighing leaf,
Whose warning clear I see.



Regaining Thrown-Away Health

Edward A. Maziarz '35

A faint light flickered in the den of the Exclusive Club. Exclusive Club would have been a more suitable title for the hangout, considering the customary ways of the gang that made up its membership. To have been immoderate in bygone years was the recognized passport to affiliation with the motley assortment of denizens who coasted about on the lounges of the club den awaiting their turn for advice as to what might be done to restore them to health. The club had nothing to do with medicines; psychological influences were advertised as the one and only panacea that was to check the downward course in health. Once that course was checked, a fellow was supposed to clamber upgrade hopefully in the mental assurance that at the top of the grade from which he had descended, youth, vigor, in a word,

the happiness of life awaited him.

The various pitfalls at the bottom of the inclined road to ill health were indicated by names emblazoned in large type on the walls of the den. Among these names were such as obesity, atrophy, mental strain, physical strain, and petrified imagination. Only a suggestion of the real ailment that had overtaken a member was hinted at by the names on the roster of troubles. The manager of the club, who had the power to heal by contact, of course, by verbal contact only, must interpret the meaning of the names for each individual sufferer. For convenience in consultation, he had his desk and office equipment located at one end of the den room. In a soothing voice, he boomed out the roll call when a meeting of the club members was in order.

At one such meeting, which it was my good fortune to attend, I noted with interest how the "down-and-outs" were supposed to be rehabilitated. Obesity was in order for treatment. To see a line of pot-bellied gentlemen waddle forward in response to the names called out was more amusing than calculated to arouse sympathy. Poor fellows they were in health, but not in weight, and they had to stand in grave attention, while the manager in equally grave words of advice spoke to them about moderation in eating and drinking. To revive the spirit that had been almost choked by a useless mass of blubber in their case, it was urged upon them to use dumb-bells, rowing machines, stretching devices, but above all to use less food and drink. That they had been prodigal with health, and were still squandering it, yes, throwing it away was thrust upon their minds with all the force of deliberate speech backed up by apt poetic quotations. Never had I heard an exhortation, so fully bristling with eloquence and illustration, tirading against the iniquity of making the spirit die with the flesh as it was my privilege to hear when this line of blubbering fatties received their tongue-lashing. The advice given was really incisive enough to make anybody "hunger-glad," but I wondered, there and then, if this would be the effect. Six months later, when I again attended the meeting of this club, the

fatties were still throwing away health by wallowing in fat.

In due order came atrophy with its victims. These victims made up more than a line; they were a crowd. To see an assortment of skinny fellows, whose skeletons show through their bodies like masses of knotty rope, is really pathetic, and I would have pitied them had I not heard the manager berate them for being guilty of every variety of stupid practice possible in human life. They, too, were charged with throwing away health, and that in a measure both stupid and sinful. For them the manager recited a list of exercises that made me shiver all over, and a list of foods that made my mouth water. If the crowd would not get "hunger-mad" it was surely not the fault of the manager, but I was set to wondering again if anybody in that crowd would be glad to do the exercises. Later by six months, I found every one in that crowd looking as skinny and as rickety as before. Could anything be done for them by way of assisting them in climbing up the grade to good health? Certainly, word-contact had failed in giving them any help in this task. They were enslaved to a pleasant group of habits that made for throwing away health, and they evidently loved their habits more than health.

Life will have its ludicrous side. That in any assembly of human beings there should be wanting a humorous angle to flank their exist-

ence is at least improbable if not impossible. On the roster of ailments in the Exclusive Club, a suggestion of the eternal ludicrous showed up under the caption of mental strain. How many would really step forward from among the members of the club and avow sickness from mental strain, when that topic would occupy discussion, kept me guessing. To my surprise so many fell into line when the roll was called for this ailment that I should never have thought that mere headwork could have polled so many victims. But there was glory visible in that throng. Keen eyes, clear voices, intelligence in plenty were in evidence. But nervousness with its accompanying irritability could be marked in the attitude of every one in that crowd. The ludicrous element quickly made itself noticeable. Sharp questions shot at random, clever repartee, hysterical laughter helped to create a tumult which the manager of the club found difficult to quiet with repeated taps of his gavel and loud shouts for order. If anybody has been throwing away health, then surely these "mental strainers" have been doing so, I mused in my mind, and they are surely doing so even now. Could they ever be helped to acquire a "sound mind in a sound body?" It would take all the ingenuity of a wizard, I concluded, to bring any one in this crowd to a sane mode of living. Later on I found that my surmises had been correct. A half year had

gone by, as I discovered, without the slightest indication that any one of the "mental strainers" had derived any profit from the verbal dosage which the club manager had given in the finest phrases he could command. I found that they were all given to their pet illusions and that probably nothing in the world could disillusion them.

That physical strain should exact such an enormous toll among people was obvious to me before I attended the meetings of the Exclusive Club. What the club illustrated in this case among many of its members only confirmed me in the conviction that a large number of people do not take their personal measure of strength into account when employing themselves in tasks that require real brawn. In what almost made up a multitude, the "physical strainers" answered the call for instructions intended to relieve them from torturing pains. Theirs was not a sickness of the muscles, though some of that was mixed up with their ill fate; mostly with them it was a sickness of skeletons. To hear what might be done to bring mere bones back into proper alignment and jointing aroused a flurry of interest among the unfortunates of this class as soon as the subject, physical strain, was announced for consideration. That mere words could hardly do anything for misshapen bones is the idea which at the time came to my mind, but not so to the minds of the sufferers. It was surprising

to me how intently they listened, and still more surprising were the results I noted in the case of the most of them a half a year later. In the cure of an ailment in which mere words could normally be supposed to have no effect, they had almost wrought miracles. Health thrown away by excessive physical labor appeared to be most easily recovered, such, at least is the conclusion at which I arrived from what I observed. That the Exclusive Club might after all have some reason for existing, now became plain to me, for in the cure of ailments incurred from physical strain, it certainly worked wonders.

My chief interest in what the club could do by way of relieving ailments naturally centered on the last subject announced on the roster of troubles. Petrified imagination was the last, but to me, the most important, of all the diseases for which the club promised a remedy. Whatever went under the heading of phobias, fixed ideas, obsessions, was summarily treated as petrified imagination. When this troop was cited by the manager of the club for instructions, wild disorder ensued among all present. It seemed as if the entire assembly would move forward in response to the call that I believed was intended for a specific number. Almost all in the club room appeared to be in one or the other mental dilemma from which it would be a pleasure to find escape. In the milling crowd only with difficulty could order be

restored by the manager of the club, who, for a moment, appeared to become so excited that I feared he would use his gavel on the heads of several particularly boisterous members.

Gradually order was restored. With more emphasis than I had heard the manager use in any of his previous instructions, warnings, cajolings, suggestions were poured out with the view to bringing petrified imaginations back to normal condition. That victims of overwrought imaginations were throwing away health in a more useless way than people were doing who suffered real afflictions was stressed with much argument and striking example. His words seemed to strike root until one plainly hysterical fellow in the crowd waggishly cried out:

"Of all the people I have ever met, Manager, I have never found one who is more a victim of a stony imagination than you are. Your examples and illustrations show as much."

This outburst caused a general lack of confidence in the exhortations of the manager. Further order was out of the question. With a lot of shouting and laughter, the meeting broke up; the members of the club left in a mood that showed that each one of them was determined to shift for himself as he had always done. Such, in particular was the attitude of those who felt that they could not bring their imaginations under control. It is

hardly necessary to mention that at a meeting of the club six months later, those members whose imaginations had been petrified were just as stubborn as they had always been in the practice of throwing away health uselessly.

My experiences with the Exclusive Club had but one effect on me. That effect was a determination to keep myself in normal health and not rely on some one else to talk me back into health after foolishly

throwing it away. One exception I shall make in favor of the club, and that is, if my bones ever come out of alignment because of physical strain, I shall seek out the manager and have him talk my bones into proper gearing again. Likely, I shall not need his aid in this respect, but if I do, I shall remember the conviction that has come upon me, namely, that words have more effect on a skeleton than they have on flesh and blood.

The Dandelion

E. I. Hession '35

Should I just hate the dandelion
Because it cannot pose
Like that sweet flower, most divine,
The ruby colored rose?

It does not choose a garden bed,
But rambles o'er the sod
And pushes up its golden head
Through rough and hardened clod.

Its petals rest in many plies
On sepals stout and green
Like gaily colored butterflies
That on the wing careen.

Each ligule is a strip of gold;
A flower most complete;
Its blossom is so manifold;
No other can compete.

And when it blows, its pappi soft
Like spangled silver gleam,
Like fairy planes they glide aloft,
And elfin angels seem.

If others then will choose the rose;
I'll choose the dandelion;
Though no one thrusts it to the nose,
For that I'll not repine.



Dawn in Spring

J. W. Hamme '34

Oh herald of the day, thou matin Dawn!
What charms are thine,
As over hill and glade thou glidest
In glorious rainbow clad,
While crossing Spring's sweet morning sky!
With thee, Aurora holds a tryst
Within her chariot, ruby gold,
Drawn softly on by milk-white clouds
Along the skylines mighty curve.

If thou couldst only stay, sweet Dawn!
But all too soon thy jeweled drops of dew
That spread thy charms
On buds of every hue
Must pass, when Helios bold will cast
His burning spears into thy face
And sere upon thy lips that kiss of bliss
Which called to life both birds and bees
And sent man joyfully to daily toil.

But thou must die, fair Dawn,
When Day will rule the skies:
Yet not thy work;
For wakened at thy call
The cows low on the mead
And in the barnyard, Chanticleer
Sends forth his voice of praise
To which the mourning dove
Adds falteringly her intermezzo coos.

Until in one grand chorus, all the feathered tribe
Salute the sky's great shining eye.
Such work was thine, fair Dawn,
And will be thine again.
That eye of day in turn will close in death of night
And with it all its joys will fade,
But thou wilt ride again along the skyline's curve
With her, the Goddess of the morning light,
To make the mellow, matin skies of Spring
Bask o'er and o'er in balmy, radiant joys.



Over the Wires

John A. Downey '35

IT was a station of some distance which he called, Colvin by name, one which he called daily; but it was just another station without any particular interest above others until a happy Friday in November gave it special importance. It was on that day when the merry greeting of Colvin's new operator carried across the wires for the first time and brought with itself a mellow ring that excited the tremors of a cheerful mood such as he was not willing to forget. Coincidence though it was, yet the voice had a familiar sound. Had it not often spoken to him in fancy? Now unexpectedly it came over the wires to trouble him, delicious trouble though it was. Inspector for trouble on the wires was his position, but never before had he encountered more

exciting trouble than that which the new and charming 'hello' had brought to his ears. Very soon the voice rang out, "Hello, Jimmie," which in the future calls he paired by a cheery "Hello, Mary" in accents as pleasant as he could command. In this way a happy acquaintance made its beginning; every day the same salutation was exchanged at the start of searching for trouble on the lines.

Though Jimmie was not his name, his real name being Danny Marquis, he was agreeably willing to adopt the nickname that had been imposed in a way so surprisingly pleasant. With the inspiring voice that had given him his new name daily tingling in his ears, Jimmie began to limn a delightful picture in his mind of the person

who owned that voice. Calling upon his imagination for assistance, he began to frame an aircastle that in reality should be a home in which he would live with her 'of the thrilling voice,' together with his mother for whom he would then care even as she had cared for him.

Months passed, and in them many cheerful greetings, usually just "Hello, Mary" and "Hello, Jimmie," travelled to and fro over the phone. Presently the annual vacation time for employees of the company was at hand. Jimmie felt jubilant to find himself among the first who were allowed to take time off. Having spent a few days at home with his mother, he pretended that business, personal interests of course, demanded that he should make a short trip. The trip meant going to Colvin with the hope in mind that he might meet the phone operator at that place. He had timed his arrival for the luncheon hour, for surely then she 'of the thrilling voice' could be seen leaving the company's office. At a convenient corner near that office, once he was in Colvin, he waited. All possible disappointment, he believed, had now been carefully forestalled. He would encounter her in person who was troubling his fancy.

Soon the factory whistles signalled the hour for luncheon. The shrill notes of the whistles wove into a song of joy for Jimmie. Unconsciously he began to hum the tune while keeping his eyes turned

expectantly towards the door of the company's office. Presently the door opened; he bounded forward, —but—oh, he must have mistaken the place! Out of the door came an elderly, very neat, but very plump lady. Again Jimmie looked at the office building to make sure that he was at the right place. He was at the right place. But how did he feel? Well, very much like one who, after hearing Kate Smith over the radio, sees her in the movies. With all speed, Jimmie returned to LaCrosse, and, though his mind was troubled, he settled down to make the best of the remaining days of his vacation in company with his mother.

Although Jimmie's mother suspected that some particular worry was haunting his mind, yet she did not require any embarrassing explanation. She spoke kindly to him and sought to cheer him. After what was a refreshing rest, but had little of the zest of life in it, Jimmie returned to work. Very soon, he must again call Colvin. Formerly he had found this a pleasure, but now it was a plain task. But he did venture a faltering "Hello, Mary," just to discover what reaction his salutation would produce. He was too troubled in mind to notice very clearly that the returning salutation was rather wavering. Pulling himself together, he now determined to erase all dreams from his mind and to make a fool of himself no further. To work diligently and to gain a position of rank

in his company very quickly came to be his uppermost ambition.

Summer and autumn passed, and winter came with the usual snowstorms. Trouble with the telephone service piling up daily kept Jimmie on the run from office to office in the company's charge until on one day he again found himself in Colvin. There were no visions of fancy haunting him this time; he was all bent on making a good showing in the company's service. No trouble was too complicated or tiresome for him now. The manager of the company, Mr. Snowden, whom he chanced to meet in Colvin, even took time to congratulate him on his splendid work in mending several lines that were badly out of commission. But more than this, Mr. Snowden was even sufficiently obliging to show him several pieces of new equipment that were to be installed in the long distance department at Colvin. Finally he said to Jimmie:

"Come with me, I shall show you how these new parts are to be used."

"I shall be glad to see how they will work," Jimmie answered.

"Here in our local operating room," the manager continued, you will find these devices doing clever work. Note the simple way of securing multiple connections, and—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Snowden, the Lakeview line is out of order," the voice of a switchboard operator interrupted.

Jimmie caught the words, and instantly he recognized the voice

that had given him many a thrill in former times. With a sense of pleasure in his heart, similar to that which he had experienced when first he heard the ring of that voice, he turned to see who the person speaking might be. He could hardly believe his own eyes when he saw a girlish figure, full of life and vigor, and a face beaming with kindness and joy. He had never seen that girl before, but the ring of her voice betrayed her. While Mr. Snowden, the manager, made inquiries concerning the trouble with the Lakeview line, Jimmie took the chance to give a "Hello, Mary" to the girl. For a moment her face flushed with bewilderment, but she replied quickly,

"Hello, Jimmie!"

Feeling sure now that at length he had found the person whose voice had thrilled him so often, Jimmie determined to have her with him at luncheon. Though he went about his duty after parting with the manager of the company, he could not bring his mind to his work. Time moreover, that always passed too quickly for him seemed to drag wearily from minute to minute. He could think of nothing but the luncheon hour.

As the time neared five-o'clock, Jimmie took the same place of vantage he had taken half a year ago. As the factory whistles sounded quitting time, he approached the door of the telephone office. This time he was not disappointed. With a happy expression on their faces,

he and Mary sauntered along the street, glad to meet each other and glad to have occasion to explain the past.

"Mary,"—Jimmie had no more than spoken that name when he was interrupted.

"My name is Marie," she replied. "but since you will have it, Mary, I shall keep that name for you."

"My name is Danny," he explained, "but since you will have it, Jimmie, that will be good and well enough for me. What I wanted to ask, Mary, is this. Who was the lady of enormous proportions that took your place at the beginning of the last vacation season?"

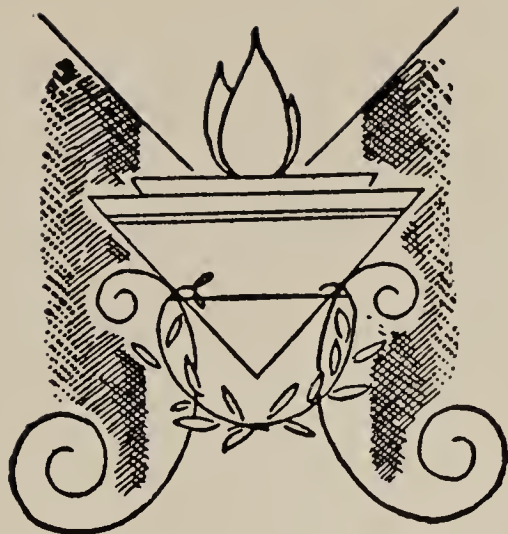
"Who was the terrible fellow that took your place at the same time?" Mary returned. "It was then that we lost track of each other, but that may be due mostly to the long vacation I had to take. My mother took sick, so I had to re-

main at home for the past six months. Only two days ago did I return to work. My first trouble after I returned was that with the Lakeview line. I would have called you, but the manager was present, so I told him about the matter. And there you were with him. I felt at once that you must be the one I called Jimmie."

"Well, I am," replied Jimmie, "but let's have our luncheon now, and may vacations never cause us to lose track of each other again."

For some time longer the salutations, "Hello, Mary" and "Hello, Jimmie" carried over the wires. During that time the aircastle which Jimmie had constructed in his mind began to take the shape of a real home. It came to be a home where Mary and Jimmie could speak without waiting for trouble to start on the wires.





Why Determination?

Michael Stohr '34

GOLDEN DREAMS! Weak resolves! If the essence of life in the case of by far the most people were to be analyzed, these exclamations and what they imply would not remain in the crucible as a residue, no, they would actually be the entire substance of existence. Looking forward in life, most people see a beautiful city, the city of golden dreams; looking backward, they see a tottering ruin of brave resolves, the means by which they hoped to reach the beautiful city, the home of their heart's desires. Between the two they are caught as the poet, Dante, says he was caught between the mountain of delight and the valley of dread in the first canto of "The Inferno." As life goes on, there is no retracing of steps, or at least little chance for back-stepping and one may as well begin in early days to plant on the road behind oneself the word "determination," with all that it implies.

Seeing the right road and the objective to which it leads is one

angle of the triangle of man's life; determination and success make up the other two angles. If the first of these three angles be given to a person, it will be supposed that in every field of human endeavor he will be able to find the other two angles. If he does not possess sense enough to find the remaining two angles, he is surely headed for the social rubbish heap. The man who looks for a primrose path up the mountain of success will find that, while he is looking for something that does not exist, he is going downhill, for it is maintained upon good human experience that there is no such thing as standing still in the run of life. It will either be victory or defeat; no time is assured for allowing a man to stay in the same state. The flight of years brings on changes in time, and in these changes, everything, even the minutest beings, are involved.

If standing still will not be tolerated by time and tide, there will be no other choice between success

and failure outside of determination. To remove oneself from beneath the sword of Damocles, the fall of which would mean standing still eternally, one will have to forge ahead and that with vigor. How often have not delay and indecision allowed that sword to fall on particular human lives with resultant disaster. Where fame might have been achieved, the only encomium that was merited is pity; the only words of praise are "he also ran." Would that he had run in such a way as to win the prize! Half-heartedness has never brought anybody into favor with fortune. "Fortuna," the goddess of fortune, is said to be blind; but she is not blind when confronted by determination. History and literature are filled with examples which go to show that this reputed blindness of the goddess of good luck is a myth.

Was it hope inspired by a mythical saying that induced Sir Walter Scott to attempt to pay off a crushing debt single-handed? Was it a blind goddess who led Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson into the fortune of undying fame? Did the great heroes whom the world admires for deeds accomplished permit the objectives they had in view to depend upon the way in which a clown might speed his mattock? Did the artists of renown wait for chance to remove the veil from their eyes that they might see? If any of these to whom reference has been made had not laughed trouble in the face with a determination

born of courage and stern resolves their names would now be among the names of those who died and are forgotten. But with them the desire to succeed was like the golden spurs used, as it is said, to urge Pegasus, the winged-horse, to scale Parnassus. They had schooled themselves sufficiently in the tragedies of life to know that life is not a straight road, carpeted with flowers; hence they were prepared to meet obstacles; they were resolved to reach their objective; they knew that fame as a reward would come along in due time, and would not be like a golden apple bounced in their pathway from the hand of a blind goddess.

In whatever vocation of life a person finds himself engaged, he must bear in mind that every rung of the ladder by which he climbs to success must signify unflagging determination for him, even if attendant difficulties seem to be insurmountable. If, as the story runs, Diogenes had allowed himself to be daunted by the threats of his chosen teacher, Antisthenes, he would never have learned the method of thinking which made him famous. An example that all students may well heed in their pursuit of learning is this of Diogenes, who would not be driven away from his master even when struck over the head with a cane and otherwise grossly abused. It could hardly be supposed that there are even a few among students in the world at present who would endure so great

a measure of discouragement and still hold to a chosen task. They would rather give up the chase as Achilles did when trying to catch the tortoise, as it is given among fables, for, as he found, the tortoise always moved from the spot; how then could he ever catch up with it?

Determination is like a faithful steed which will carry its rider as far as ever his heart may desire in any direction he might take. And this will hold in every variety of human affairs, if only a person will not stop to take account of his progress and turn from his chosen road before the desired stopping place is reached. Disappointment and failure show up only when determination ceases to wield the goad. If a "youth of labor is to be crowned with an age of ease," it will be necessary to guard against fluctuating between inclinations, for such conduct is nothing short of bauble-chasing; something like giving oneself up to the delights of the mo-

ment as if every day were to be the last. If Honore de Balzac had remained a victim of "romantic nightmares" during all the years of his life, he would have continued to write plain trash, and the two thousand nicely distinguished and clearly individualized characters would never have been created by him to sing his literary praise up till now. Clearly enough, a person cannot always be on top of a hill on the road he is traveling; to reach the top, he must travel in the first place, and it is in trying to gain the top that determination must be geared to the will to go forward. "It can't be done, and I can't do it" are phantasms which determination must slay, and that, too, in all the walks of life, whether a person resolves to swallow a Latin grammar, or whether he designs to draw a furrow, there will be no difference if success alone be the question, and to success, determination alone points the way.



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J. William McKune '34, Ass't. Editor

William Conces '34, Associate

Joseph Fontana '34, Associate

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Editorial

THE ALUMNI

ON the 30th of April, St. Joseph's College will observe, as is its annual custom, Alumni Day. On this day graduates of past years will return to the scenes of former pleasures and sorrows, triumphs and defeats to snatch from the relentless sweep of time a few moments of fond reminiscence. From time immemorial the College has set aside a day for just this purpose. Behind the obvious enjoyment, however, of a day spent in the familiar haunts of other years there is something deeper and finer.

St. Joseph's takes just pride in its graduates; it feels as though it has given to the priesthood and to the business world men who have learned to live uprightly and vigorously, to think straight, and to do their duty, not because it is obvious or easy, but because it is right. The College has never attempted to formulate a definite code for her sons; it feels as though such a procedure would somehow cheapen the ideals for which it stands in the field of Christian education. It is confident that it has taught its sons, while enrolled as students, all the necessary rules for the game of life. After leaving the College each graduate is, in the parlance of the

sport world, his own umpire. He has learned to call every play in his life, not as it might have been or as he would have liked it to be, but as it actually was. Above all he has learned never to make a decision to please the grandstand.

The great world, however, cares little for such ideals; not that it is particularly opposed to them, it just simply has no time to bother about them. Thus it is that most ideals in a man's life are sorely battered and, in most cases, are finally wrecked on the shores of life's realism.

It is with this thought in mind that St. Joseph's is calling back her sons this year, as every year, on Alumni Day. The College naturally wishes them to enjoy themselves in a manner befitting Christian gentlemen, but more important, it wishes them to renew, even though it be subconsciously, the lofty idealism which they have reached in student days. In this sense only can Alumni Day be considered to fulfill its true purpose and to be fully successful.

In conclusion, we, the Editors of the COLLEGIAN, in the name of the entire student body extend to every member of the Alumni Association the sincerest invitations

to pay a visit, no matter how brief, to his Alma Mater on this Alumni Day. We promise that everything

possible will be done to make this day an enjoyable and memorable one.
A. F. H.

GRUFFIAN IN SPEECH

Not so long ago, the United States Senate muzzled Huey Long, "Kingfish" by choice, into reticence. Never before was this done to a national senator, so it is said. Hard luck for the "Kingfish." Whether or not the inflicted punishment was deserved must be left to those who found Mr. Long's tongue slipping and skidding in an undignified manner. At any rate he found himself at the receiving end of a grand political punch, and the result was a rather ugly political black eye. Perhaps the outcome of the fray will be that the "Kingfish" will become a quiet and practical thinker. If so, what a blessing for his home state!

To write much about Senator Long would only lead to confusion. If a man shifts his opinion just as he happens to stand on one leg or on the other, it is not easy to follow his trend of thought. That

such shifting of stand in thought is only too frequent in senatorial circles in general is as deplorable as it is in the case of the "Kingfish" himself, and it is just as hard to explain. Why there should be so much 'about face' all of a sudden in the national senate when it came to supporting President Roosevelt in several important measures is hard to understand. There must be personal interests that actuate the senators in taking such a stand; interests almost as personal as any that bothered the "Kingfish." Perhaps it is the smell of the sweet pork barrel or the pleasure of the jolly log rolling that is responsible for much of this 'about facing' in the senate. Whatever it may be, good and well enough; but if the "Kingfish" got his, so ought others to get theirs to make them learn how to face in the proper direction.

J. W. F.





Alumni



IN the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but here at Collegeville, all the young men's thoughts are on Alumni Day. April 30th is the big day. It is not very far away, just around the corner. So, Alumni, rig up the old "bus," and if you haven't a "bus," ask for a buggy ride; for all the roads will lead to Collegeville. Start early—the sooner the better. In the spring moonlight, driving is a pleasant adventure. It will make you feel like a kid again. Thoughts of the old swimmin' hole; the first jaunt; the first cigar; why, you will forget the depression with all these wonderful memories. And by the time you reach Collegeville you will be primed up for thrills, fun, and whatever else you may want.

Though we are ready to welcome you Alumni, we must, nevertheless, warn you that we are ready to get revenge for certain past scores, such as belong to the annual Alumni baseball game. The local varsity is getting into shape, and with the new material at hand, it seems as if the students will be able to help celebrate Alumni Day in real fashion by a decisive victory over the Alumni team. We would like to prophesy the outcome of this classic ball game, but since we are between two fires, we will bury the courage of our convictions and compromise by

saying "may the best team win."

Now, it should be remembered, Alumni, that every alumnus ought to visit his Alma Mater at least once a year. To revisit the old familiar places, to pick up again the old threads of friendship, and to remain a true and loyal son of Alma Mater should be his pride. Hence, fill your machines to capacity. You can rest assured that every door will be open to you at St. Joseph's, and that every heart will say WELCOME to you with the greatest cheer.

From St. Gregory's Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio, comes this pleasant news. Thomas Danehy '33 won first prize in the oratory contest. James Conroy '32 won second prize. Congratulations boys, we and all St. Joe are proud of you.

John "Mick" Byrne '32, the tall dark haired smiling tenor, who cheered us up with his pleasant countenance and pleasing personality, has not changed a bit, with the exception that he is having a little trouble here and there. The one thing "Mick" resents is that he is usually mistaken for a Scotchman, Burns, instead of the Irishmen Byrne. Keep a good front "Mick," we all have our troubles. You can sing them away, while we must sleep them away.



BOOKS

VALOUR

By Warwick Deeping

MR. Deeping by his novel, "Valour," intends several purposes. At Gallipoli a sense of repulsion against war appears, and a plea for peace seems to be developing. This book, however, is not pacifist propaganda. For the latter quarter of the narrative swings along, extoling war, and singing the praises of the English Tommy. The author has sought to explain the position of England, at home, during the World War. In this attempt he has succeeded. He has also written a romance.

That woman influences a man's life is the theme of "Valour." This point is definite. It is concrete. There exists a contrast. The father, Porteous Hammersly, is affected unfavorably by his wife, arrogant, self-contained. On the other hand, Pierce, his son, a proud and egotistic young soldier, having the love of, and loving proud Janet

Yorke, is broken; made over into a brave gentleman.

Deeping's style progresses steadily. It is never forced. It is rarely intense, excepting in a few brief spots. A quality, moreover, of naturalness pulls the reader onward. In delineating a person's appearance, Deeping is colorless, but in setting forth the emotions and thoughts of his characters he is an expert.

Furthermore, in every detail he makes himself clear. He expresses in several sentences what a whole book could not convey. And, to top off his style, Deeping has cast in a pinch of humor.

In the reading of "Valour" one will not go amiss if he proceeds warily, observing that a vein of fatalism strings through his entire book; that Porteous Hammersly lets loose some remarks on marriage, and that a smack of Socialism may be noticed in his humor.

E. Mc.

LAW BOOKS

The editors of this column feel that the deep appreciation of St. Joseph's should be publicly expressed to Mrs. E. P. Honan, of Rensselaer,

Indiana, for her kindness in placing in the college library sixty-six law books. We heartily thank Mrs. E. P. Honan for this favor.

Among the newly acquired books, we note for the convenience of the law students the following titles:

Annotated Indiana Statutes, Hogate's Pleading and Practice, Indiana Forms, Elliott's General Practice, Brief Making and the Use of Law Books, Law Dictionary and

Glossary, Clark on Contracts, Rice on Evidence, The Principles of Equity, Principles of Pleading, Real Property, and Ewbank's Manual of Practice. In addition we mention the acquisition of nineteen volumes of the Indiana Appellate Court Reports and of several volumes of the Indiana Cumulative Digest.

BACKFIRE

By Daniel Chase

A quaint New England town, Ja-laam, is the setting of Daniel Chase's latest work, "Backfire." Chan Mather, who has become paralyzed, is sent by his guardian to a farm to recuperate. The robust man in charge of this farm is Orion Wright, a man of the puritanical type. Because of his crippled leg, Chan himself could not enjoy life and made life miserable for all those who were around him. However, once on the farm, Chan began to forget his "peg." Also encouraged by Molly Bowditch, a neighboring girl who often brought the groceries, Chan began to look on the brighter side of life. The encouragement on the part of Molly soon became love. But later Molly became jealous of Sheila, who was at the garage where Chan spent much of his leisure time. Chan had another reason for staying at the garage outside of Sheila. For it was there

that he was introduced into the rum-running racket going on in that part of the country. Chan very often ran a truck load of "hooch" between the New England states. The descriptions of his runs are very interesting as the author depicts the exotic scenery of that section. But Chan and the chief of the gang soon are at odds. And only after his partner was killed by the shot that was meant for him, did Chan decide to give up this job. He finally realized that he loved Molly and was going to do all in his power to win her back.

This is a problem novel and like all novels of its ilk is rather ephemeral. The rum-running racket is of no interest to us any more since the Eighteenth Amendment has been repealed. The love story, too, built around this problem is weak and flimsy in kind.

J. L. A.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB



CLUBS

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

UPON the fleet wings of a spring zephyr comes the news that in the near future, Sunday, April 22 (to be exact) the Dwenger Mission Unit will sponsor its annual carnival. Every wiseacre in Collegeville is ready to vouch for it that the attending crowd will be a thoroughly cosmopolitan one and will show up with the disposition to aid the Unit in its brave missionary endeavor. And why not? This year's carnival bids fair to repeat the huge successes generally attributed to St. Joe men in former times. With such men as Thomas Buren using his business acumen as chairman of the Unit, and the President of the Unit, James Heckman, furnishing what may be required in brain work, the coming

carnival cannot fall short of being a genuine mission boom. Then, too, the booths will be manned by jolly barkers who will rival anything in their line at the Century of Progress Exposition. They will, however, not do meaningless barking, for at their backs the booths will be laden with every enticing article for personal need and enjoyment. At the close of the carnival the big raffle will be held. Tickets are now on sale for this raffle. Everybody should hurry to get tickets, for they are going fast as it is, and when the prizes come into view, he who has no tickets will only have sore regrets. Once more, the date is Sunday, April 22.

NEWMAN CLUB

Darkness, emanating an aura of foreboding, fills the room — intermittent flashes of lightning send cold tremors down the backs of the occupants—then an unearthly, shrill scream rents the air—the thud of a falling body has a sinister sound to it—Heaven forbid—yes it is—Murder!

With such an opening, the New-

man presentation "Three Taps at Twelve" could not have failed to be a success. By the way, "Three Taps at Twelve" is a three-act mystery—melodrama written by Allen Saunders. On the eve of St. Joseph's day a blase Collegeville populace entered Alumni Hall expecting an unperturbed evening's entertainment. It is needless to say they were disap-

pointed. Instead, they witnessed an evening bristling with thrills and mystery, mystery that riveted them to their seats, mystery that made them avoid dark corners for the next few days, mystery that made them conjecture their neighbor as a potential murderer.

The plot, a fantastic one, let me remind you, revolves about an old man, relentless in his day, who desires to make some sort of reparation to the people he has harmed. These persons, five in number, intensely hating each other, the old man included, gather in a room of the old man's house one stormy night. Then the old man informs them that he has had his new will divided into five shares, one share going to his nephew and that only four of the five present with him will get a share of it. In order to get rid of the fifth person, he proposes to them, the game of "murder" only, the murdered person will not rise after he has been killed as the parlor version of the game goes. The game proceeds, and after the three taps are heard (the sign that the murder has been committed) the lights are turned on, and the old man himself is found murdered. Then, the old man's nephew, Dick Edwards, steps into the situation and with the aid of Cassandra, a pretty little miss, and Catfish, a fellow collegian, solves the riddle of the murder and produce the assassin.

Thomas Gowney deserves much

praise in his portrayal of the old man, Jameson Edwards, while James O'Connor taking the part of Dick Edwards, the nephew, did commendable work as a type of the modern university man, if there be such an animal. Roman Anderson as Harmon Gaget, the murderer, by his acting presages that much more will be heard of him when dramatic ability is needed. William Stack, as the murderer's wife, rendered his usual fine performance. Frederick Schroeder cast in the role of Cassandra, Dick Edward's sweetheart, played the part of an ingenious and charming miss to perfection. John McNamara as Edward Dahlbeck, always solicitous for his daughter, Cassandra's welfare, gave us fair warning that much can be expected from him in the future. Timothy Doody, keeping up the record of his inimitable feminine impersonations, took the part of Mrs. Baker, a nervous widow. Joseph Heidgerken as Doctor Hull, a blustering type of a fellow was admirable as his role was a difficult one. Last but not least, Ward Penny as Catfish, a collegiate, with 'varsity tackle,' written all over him, provided the humor that helped to make "Three Taps at Twelve" a whale of a success.

The Collegian extends congratulations to the cast upon the particularly successful way they carried out their roles and to Father Ildephonse Rapp for his splendid directing.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

In C. L. S. circles, all seems quiet and uneventful at present. But the quiet is only a lull between two mighty upheavals. One of these "The Sure Cure," is over; the other, "Tommy," will come along very soon.

When a ludicrous situation, such as "The Sure Cure" presents, comes about, things usually happen. They did happen when Ambrose Quigley and Ted Quigley, his brother, were portrayed by Vincent Shafer and Rudolf Bierberg respectively. The first, Ambrose Quigley, is a 'spine cracker,' while his brother Ted Quigley, is a 'pill slinger.' The impersonation of these characters by Shafer and Bierberg was excellent.

In their roles as interchangeable fiances, Joseph Klinker and Edward Hession took the parts of Dot Porter and Mable Moor with great perfection. The ease of their acting lent much charm to the play especially so in the slow-moving parts.

Charles and Ann Quigley, father and mother with utterly different

tastes, were impersonated by Gerald Krapt and Edward McCarthy. If variety in character alone had been necessary for the success of the play, these two would undoubtedly have ensured the required success.

To James Thornbury, as Fred Blake, goes the honor of doing the most delightful work of the evening. Between staggering about while looking for prescriptions for ailments and playing dead, he held the audience just as the audience held its sides.

The remaining characters, Harold Roth as Remus, Alvin Burns as Dr. Mudge, and Hugh Hasson as officer Duffy, were one and all necessary to complete the play and they did their part to make it complete.

Now "Tommy" is coming. This delightful comedy is scheduled for the eve of Alumni Day. With this play the C. L. S. will end its activities for the present school year. A fine play is "Tommy," and a fine cast has been chosen. Grand expectations are in order.

RALEIGH CLUB

All is serene in the Raleigh Club excepting what is going on in the neighborhood of the radio. Here the members are deploring the fact that many favorite orchestras are beginning their vacation tours. Perhaps some little peace is now in the offing for the club family. Then, too, the weather is showing itself favorable to open-air-minded mem-

bers who, in consequence, are taking to the groves where as a matter of course they encounter darkness all too soon in this equinoxial season. Hence for them it is a rush between the club rooms and the groves in an effort to find a convenient place for haling.

To emphasize the statement made in the March issue of the Collegian

it must be said that the "8-ball" tournament has disclosed an interesting fact. Musa Sphire, the dark, sinister-looking clown from away down in Kentucky, is the winner in this contest. Who would have thought it? At present Musa is also considered, though unofficially,

to be the most proficient, all-around cue artist at St. Joseph's.

With spring in the air who would want to remain indoors; hence the club has taken more and more to the open with a jolly ringing down of the curtain on its usual activities.

MONOGRAM CLUB

Although it seems all too soon, yet the basketball season has actually run its hard-fought course. From the new bleachers at St. Joseph's much good basketball was witnessed when the season was on, as not only the varsity did its stuff as best it could, but several new men also aided in making the games interesting. At the close of it all there were, however, but few "J's" awarded, as Coach DeCook did not find more than eight players worthy of special distinction.

Only two letters were received by men not previously members of the Monogram Club. The big tall boy with eyes in his hands, Carl Shank, got one of these "J's". It really ought to make him feel good and there is every indication

that it does make him carry his head a little higher. Clement Petit, reliable, good-natured, and always alert, took the other "J." Nobody doubts that these two players richly deserve the distinction for which they have worked with might and main. They certainly are an honor to the Monogram Club.

Other news concerning the Club is slight. It should be mentioned that President C. Scheidler has taken up different headquarters of late because a new lamp has arrived which has crowded him from his place. The Club furthermore feels that with the passing of winter, the cozy club quarters are not nearly so inviting as they were when the snows fell and winds blew.

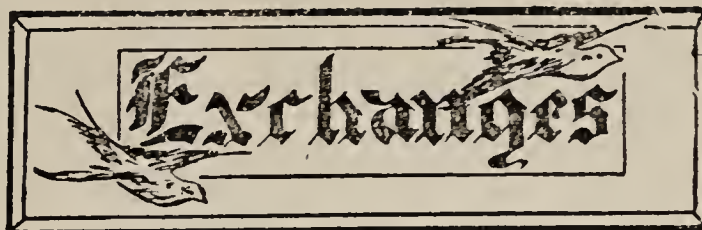


Ode to Seasons

(Spring)

Patrick Thomas

Come, let us strike the harp of song
In praise of Spring,
Fair messenger of life; for at her coming
All the earth awakes
From out of sleep as Death takes wing
And moaning flies
With tears and sighs
To other climes.
Morning breaks
When clad in the glory of the sunrise, drops of
dew upon her sandals, golden her hair
Tossed by the playful wind,
Spring comes and darkness of the winter leaves
behind.
About her fly
The fluting birds. For very rapture sings
The lark within the sky
As if the joyful tale he'd tell
To kindred spirits there
That all day long
Praise God with prayer
And song.
One with his inner ear
Can hear
The softly ringing chimes
Of bluebells shaking out the joyful tidings, Spring
Is queen,
And rules the earth now emerald green.
No wonder that the flowers,
Fresh gleaming in the sparkling showers,
Arise and bloom beneath her fair white feet
As if for joy to greet
Her tender beauty. Blossoms from the trees
Cast by the generous breeze
Fall on her queenly head as if a crown they'd make
For her sweet sake.
Her wand, a lily dazzling as her robe of light,
She holds above the prisoned waters that so
sadly creep
Within the brooklet's icy bounds and sing
A plaintive melody. Lo! their prison bands now
break,
And the waters dancing on their bubbling way
Are joyous as the gladsome day.
All of life is bright
With song and flowers and whirr of wings;
And well
It is my full heart sings.



AS unique in name as in appearance, THE CLEPSYDRA from Mundelein College, Chicago, offers its tribute in the spring issue to the jubilee year of its eminent patron, the Cardinal. "Oblation," a sonnet in line with this tribute, is poetry from first to last line. A vein of mysticism runs through this sonnet, not too deep in what it suggests, yet sufficiently meaningful, to make it a rare tribute to the virtues of one holding so lofty a place in the ranks of the hierarchy. The complimentary editorial brings further tribute to His Eminence. In effective phrase and appropriate thought its eulogy is complete and not at all overdone. Poetry, stories, and essays in this issue show all the effort required to make them excellent. "Railroads and Tracks" puts a good deal of romance into the life of the iron horse, though it is given in essay form. One is inclined to wonder a little as to what will happen to the American train 'hobo' until the train emerges altogether as an allegory; hence the 'hobo's' enviable experiences do not turn out to be pathetic. Similar and thoroughly pleasant reading is afforded by the other prose contributions.

THE BLACK HAWK from Mt. Mary College, Milwaukee, does not signalize itself by a black shadow, nor is it bent on quarry other than literary. There is nothing rough about the HAWK. "Broken Flights" and the "Gold Brooch" are much in harmony with this variety of bird. It loves brilliant objects and will break its flight for anything dazzling. So, too, in reading the HAWK anybody will break the routine of work for a treat in interesting reading. Who says that Sappho's sisters have perished? The HAWK shows in its poetry that they are very much alive. But not only in poetry, but also in prose, painstaking effort is everywhere in evidence in what the HAWK gives its readers.

THE PELICAN does not migrate often from Louisville, Kentucky, but when it does come it proves to be an interesting visitor. The Blue Pencil Club of Nazareth College is clearly intent upon making its publication worthy of the name blue-grass beauty. It is plain that only polished literary material is accepted to fill its pages. Every article has its commendable qualities. But there is always a 'best' even among the good. As the best prose pro-

duction in the recent issue of this journal, we would mention "Kentucky's Debt to Maryland." This essay is historical, but it does not belong to the dry-as-dust variety. What it has to tell is given with all the spice that variety of incident can command. The careful diction of the PELICAN almost indicates wire-drawn expression, but that stands in perfect accord with the emblematic character of the bird. Among the poems, "Impressions in a Market Place" strike us as outstanding, though in the other attempts at befriending the muses there is sufficient visible effort to allow calling it praiseworthy.

The Cirrus Cloud

E. Vorhold '35

Where did you set your milk-white sail?
Whence did you slip the bar?
Your voyage wide through the world's blue tide
Some riddle old
Must surely hold:
Ah, give that key to me,
Fair, tiny Cirrus Cloud,
I surely shall be proud
To know your mystery.

Was it some angel host that formed
You from the flying spray,
And tied your mast for this voyage vast
To port unknown
And all alone?
Ah, let me go with you!
It would be joy and pride
To sail so far and wide
With you through heaven's blue.

What precious freight must you not hold
Of every shape and hue,
For fairy sprites in empyrean heights
To give them joy
Without alloy?
This task must be alone
Your whole great mystery,
To which I've found the key;
Fair Cirrus Cloud, adieu.



LOCALS

HOLY WEEK

FOLLOWING a considerable stretch of unbroken school days came Holy Week with its occasion for relaxation and spiritual reflection. Tired and weary after the spring-term examinations, the students joyfully welcomed this great week in the spirit for which it stands and also for the short vacation which was re-instituted this year. For many years the customary Easter vacation had been dropped. The degree in which the students regretted the suspension of this vacation could readily be gaged by the joy that was everywhere in evidence when it was restored. May this short vacation come to be something as per-

manent as the good old summer vacation itself.

Not all of the students availed themselves of the chance to return to their homes at this time. Those who remained at the college were privileged to witness the solemn Holy Week services that were carried out with all the inspiration that symbolic ceremonies can give. Peaceful were the afternoons with adoration and prayer, while the chant and song of the "Tenebrae" closed the days in a solemn and impressive manner. For those students who remained at St. Joseph's there was sufficient diversion between hours of services to make the days in every way fully agreeable.

MEN ABOUT THE CAMPUS

Since the college has extended its territory to include all the land up to the Iroquois river, another re-

forestation scheme has been undertaken. In consequence St. Joseph's will very soon be so well surrounded

with trees of every kind and with flowers of every variety that the old school will necessarily find itself located in a grand and delightful park where students may frisk and wild animals may gambol. Extra beauty spots are continuously multiplying here. The latest among

these is the south-east addition to the college lawn where new walks for rambling and new beds for flowers are showing up at such a rate that they will be in full readiness for service when the settled weather of late spring comes along.

WEATHER

Weather should not bother anybody. It comes and goes as does personal humor; many people at least think that it does just this. If there is anything to this supposition, then Collegeville surely has occasion to be in on the prize with all the surrounding country when there is question of chances to develop every possible sort of personal humor. The reason for this advantage which Collegeville enjoys is something old for those who have

been here in former years, but is a matter of interest for those who are not so well acquainted with the latitude in which they find themselves. For the latter it may be well to mention that Collegeville has the benefit of sliding about in three zones; the frigid, the temperate, and the torrid. If any one wishes to know particulars about this matter, let him consult climatological maps, and the mystery will quickly be solved.

IT MAY INTEREST YOU

At this time of the year, when Alumni Day is approaching, it will help to make matters interesting for local students if they will look up the items that refer to the Alumni in the Locals of old issues of the Collegian. There is much to be found there that will make pleasant reading matter. Besides it will

make for better acquaintance. Perhaps the 'old boys' had different ways of amusing themselves than the students have at present. Looking up former Locals may assist in making valuable discoveries. They are all on file, the Locals are, for anybody's inspection.

LOOKING FORWARD

The coming few weeks will be crowded with interesting events. These will be something as follows:

- Sun. April 22—Mission Carnival.
- Sun. April 29—"Tommy" C. L. S. Play.
- Mon. April 30—Alumni Day.

Sun. May 6—Senior Night.

Thurs. May 10—Conroy Oratory Contest.

Sun. May 13—Monogram Absurdities.

The Senior issue of the Collegian will come out near the third week in May.

HONOR ROLL

Sixth Year—William McKune, 96 6-7; Joseph Allgeier, 96 4-7; Carl Vandagrifft, 95; Alfred Horrigan, 94 6-7; Thomas Buren, 94 5-7; Chester Bowling, 94 4-7.

Fifth Year—James Scott, 95 3-7; Ambrose Heiman, 94 6-7; Edward Hession, 93 3-7; Anthony Suelzer, 93 3-8; John Samis, 92 4-7.

Fourth Year—Dennis Schmitt,

93 4-7; Anthony Gamble, 92 5-6; John Kavanagh, 92 2-3; Donald Muldoon, 91; Albert Ottenweller, 90 3-4.

Third Year—William Callahan, 98 3-5; Norman Fischer, 98 1-3; Joseph Gedden, 96 2-5; Casper Bonifas, 96 1-5; Edward Junk, 95 5-6.

Second Year—John Flynn, 92 2-3 Thomas Etzkorn, 90.

SPORTS

CARDINALS WALLOP CCC TEAM

IN order to guard against a let down in the smoothly functioning Cardinal varsity, a game was arranged with the CCC camp team of Medaryville, Indiana. The Red Birds ran rampant over the CCC ex-high school stars; and claimed victory by a 42-21 score.

Coach DeCook gave the St. Joe men a look at next year's Cardinal quintet after the starting lineup had put the game on ice. Not a man was disappointed, for the Cardinal proteges worked with much of the precision and smoothness of their elders. Van Nevel gave the spectators an eye-full with his fast cutting and accurate shooting which netted him 7 points for the evening.

Lineup and Summary:

St. Joe's (42)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C) ----	4	2	0
Van Nevel, rf -----	3	1	2
Downey, lf -----	0	0	1
Traser, lf -----	1	0	1
Shank, c -----	1	1	1

Fontana, c -----	3	2	4
Petit, c -----	2	0	2
Minick, c -----	0	1	1
Horrigan, rg -----	1	0	2
Andres, rg -----	0	1	0
Hession, lg -----	2	0	1
Bubala, lg -----	0	0	0
Voors, lg -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	17	8	15
CCC Team (21)	B.	F.	P.
Becker, rf -----	1	3	1
Hill, rf -----	0	0	0
Hanchor, lf (C) ----	3	0	3
Edmonds, lf -----	2	1	1
Keene, c -----	0	0	3
Winsett, c -----	0	0	0
Minninger, rg -----	1	3	3
Richards, rg -----	0	0	0
Folkorich ,lg -----	0	0	1
Ridpath, lg -----	0	0	0
Totals -----	7	7	12
Time of Halves—20 minutes.			
Referee: A. Etter; Umpire R. Etter.			

ST. JOE 30; COMMODORES 29

Sunday afternoon, March 4, was the time of perhaps the scrappiest and closest game fought out this year on St. Joe's gym floor. The purple and cardinal of St. Joe mixed with the gold and green of the highly touted Decatur Commodores. The battle was very close throughout with the Cardinals holding a slight edge, and they were still holding that edge when the gun cracked out the end of the game. The scoreboard flashed its numerals white on black. St. Joe 30; Commodores 29.

The game got off to a fast start with St. Joe trying hard to find the inside of the little round hoop. The Commodores, being unable to work through the practically unpenetratable defense of the Cardinals, took to long court shots and off-balance angle attempts which showed them the possessors of an uncanny eye for the cord-draped iron. St. Joe was not seriously troubled with the working through of the Decatur defense, but its scoring opportunities were muffed because the Cardinals were marked by their early season stigma—failure to hit. Fontana led the Cardinals back into form, however, with his laudable work at the pivot, faking one way and whirling the other, while Downey opened the lane. The backbone of the gold-and-green lineup was Hain, Commodore

forward ace, who nearly put the skids under the Cardinals with his close guarding and sensational shooting. Horrigan, veteran Cardinal guard, was the defensive star of the game; Fontana topped the scoring column of the Cardinals with 10 points.

Lineup and Summary:

St. Joseph's (30)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C- ----	1	0	1
Van Nevel, rf -----	1	0	0
Downey, lf -----	2	0	2
Traser, lf -----	0	0	2
Fontana, c -----	4	2	1
Shank, c -----	1	0	1
Horrigan, rg -----	2	0	2
Bubala, lg -----	0	0	0
Hession, lg -----	2	2	1
Andres, lg -----	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals -----	13	4	10

Commodores (29)	B.	F.	P.
Hain, rf -----	4	1	3
M. Lose, lf -----	2	2	3
Braden, c (C) -----	3	0	2
Murphy, rg -----	2	1	2
J. Lose, rg -----	0	0	0
H. Baker, lg -----	0	0	0
Don Hess, lg -----	1	1	0
	—	—	—
Totals -----	12	5	10

Referee: A. Etter; Umpire, R. Etter.

Timekeeper: Biven (St. Joe.)
Time of Halves: 20 minutes.

CARDINALS WIN FINAL GAME .

On the night of March 7, the St. Joe Cardinals trotted upon the College basketball court for the last time this season. The Logansport K. of C. team was the opposition, but the Cardinals, so determined to win their last game, looked upon them as only five white clad figures and claimed the big end of the 42-15 score.

Shortly after Referee Etter had opened the contest with his shrill whistle and the toss-up of the sphereoid, the Cardinals got a 6-0 lead. It was interesting and a thrill to watch the first half of this ball game, not because the score was close or the enemy hard to conquer, but because the Cardinals gave such a fine exhibition of smoothly working offense and an air-tight defense. Practically during the whole first half, five St. Joe Seniors played the game, passing, cutting, guarding, shooting, cooperating to win this last game for St. Joe and then to make their exit. How they played can be gathered from the score at the half, for it stood 27-5 in the Cardinal's favor.

After the first five minutes of the last half was played by these same five Seniors, Captain Rusty Scheidler, Joe Fontana, Shad Horrigan, Tony Traser and Clem Petit, Coach DeCook substituted the men who will be the standbys of next year's varsity. These men had little trouble stopping the Logansport of-

fense and scoring through its loose defense. The statistics show St. Joe made 8 in 14 foul attempts, as compared to 3 in 10 essays for Logansport.

Lineup and Summary:

St. Joseph's (42)	B.	F.	P.
Scheidler, rf (C) ----	2	1	0
Van Nevel, rf -----	0	0	0
Downey, lf -----	1	0	2
Traser, lf -----	3	0	0
Bruskotter, lf -----	1	0	0
Fontana, c -----	5	2	0
Shank, c -----	3	0	1
Minick, c -----	0	0	0
Horrigan, rg -----	1	2	1
Beeler, rg -----	0	1	0
Hession, lg -----	0	2	1
Petit, lg -----	0	0	2
Andres, lg -----	1	0	0
Voors, lg -----	0	0	0
Bubala, lg -----	0	0	1

Totals -----	17	8	8
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Logansport (15)	B.	F.	P.
Emerson, rf (C) ----	1	1	0
Herron, lf -----	2	0	1
Long, lf -----	2	2	2
Mardenti ,c -----	0	0	3
Bott, rg -----	1	0	2
Castalti, lg -----	0	0	4

Totals -----	6	3	12
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Referee: A. Etter; Umpire, R. Etter.

Timekeeper: Biven (St. Joe.)

Time of Halves: 20 minutes.

INTRAMURAL ALL-STARS

Annually at the completion of the basketball season. These men the intramural basketball league, an are chosen in regard to their own unbiased committee names the of individual ability, value to their official All-Star Intramural team of teams, and sportsmanship.

Rosenthal	F.	Hartlege, C.	(Captain)	Vandagriff,	G.
Rinderly	F.			La Noue	G.

Honorable Mention: McKune, Welch, Thornbury, Ottenweller, Smollar, Deitrich, Hoover, Kappelhoff, Sudovitch.

BLIND TOURNAMENT

<p>On March 10 and 11, St. Joe's annual blind tourney, including 8 teams composed of varsity men and a quintet from each class team in the intramural League, was played amid school-wide interest. The winning team was under the captaincy of Carl Shank, varsity center, and</p>	<p>was made up of Vandagriff, Quinn, Bob Kelly, and Scott besides Shank. Johnnie Downey, varsity forward of Lima, Ohio, was the outstanding player of the tournament. Fritz Dober of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was the official referee.</p>
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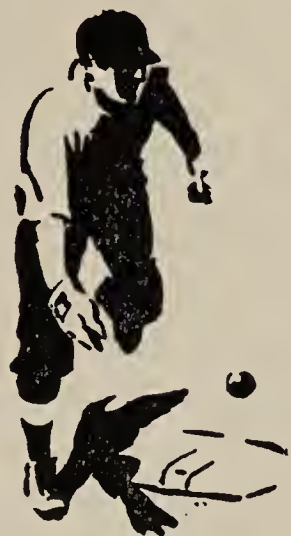
COLLEGE TRIMS HIGH SCHOOL 22 TO 20

<p>At the request of a group of the prominent sportsmen about Collegeville, the High-School basketekers renewed hostilities with the pick of the College roster. Although odds were decidedly in their favor, the College was billed to engage some cruel opposition from the High-School ranks.</p>	<p>man, Ottenweller, Smollar combination started dumping in buckets, and at the half, the lower classmen were leading. Against the High-School reserves, the College started doing things and after barging to the fore were never headed. A High-School rally in the later stages of the game was stifled by the faultless playing of Welch and La Noue, nifty College flashes. Thus the eventual phase in the '33-'34 intramural loop was concluded by the score: College 22; High School 20.</p>
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<p>Slow passes and tight defense pervaded the play of the first period as both teams "felt" each other out. In the second quarter, the Zimmer-</p>	<p>man, Ottenweller, Smollar combination started dumping in buckets, and at the half, the lower classmen were leading. Against the High-School reserves, the College started doing things and after barging to the fore were never headed. A High-School rally in the later stages of the game was stifled by the faultless playing of Welch and La Noue, nifty College flashes. Thus the eventual phase in the '33-'34 intramural loop was concluded by the score: College 22; High School 20.</p>
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BASEBALL PROSPECTS

St. Joe's athletes have now turned their attention to baseball and,



acting hosts to the visiting teams upon their revamped diamond. Father Koenn, director of athletics, by personal correspondence with Comiskey, owner of the Chicago White Sox, has copied the rebuilding of the varsity diamond from that of the White Sox. With the promise of a crack fielding and hard-hitting team, together with a practically big-league diamond, St. Joe should experience a very successful season.

with the first practice called by Coach DeCook, last year's letter-men together with the new material a new year brings, started warming up their arms which had grown stiff during the winter. A comparatively small number, however, reported for try-outs, but the number is adequate for picking a ball-smacking squad.

This year the Cardinals will be



TENNIS

The clay surface of the tennis courts is gradually being rolled into a veritable strip of concrete, and 'ere long, lime markings, corded nets, pinged rackets, and white-clad figures will revivify the courts, while

felted spheres slash the air. Earl Rausch, one of the tennis stars of St. Joe, has the managership of the courts this year and he has already set a movement afoot for interscholastic competition.





Humor



Pallone: "What makes you think that Iggy is so dumb?"

Sheehan: "He saw a sign 'Murderer Wanted' and applied for the job."

They laughed when I walked over to the piano— but they were right; I couldn't lift it.

"Is this a high class town?"

"Yeah. They even got two bread lines—one for white and one for the rye."

The only modernistic furniture that is really practical is a corkscrew.

Spitz Pettit: "I dreamed last night that I had invented a new type of breakfast food, and was sampling it when—"

O'Leary: "Yes, yes, go on."

Spitz: "I woke up and found a corner of the mattress gone."

A girl's ambition used to be to be the kind of a person that people looked up to. Now, she prefers to be the kind they look around at.

You can tell when the movie is near the end. Women begin to put their shoes on.

Teacher: "Tommie, what is one-fifth of three-sevenths?"

Tommie: "I don't know exactly, but it ain't enough to worry about."

Another Scotchman died as a result of a broken heart in Edinburgh last week. It seems that his doctor insisted that he give up smoking just after he had his cigarette lighter refilled.

Trying to be brutally frank to Balback, we told him his hair looked like a mop.

"What does a mop look like?" he asked.

"Do you think your cousin, Helen is happily married?"

"Yes, I'm sure she is. She has to go to a movie to get a good cry."

Our idea of the meanest guy in the world is the guy who was deaf and never told his barber.

"What is your occupation?"

"It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit. I'm a bill collector."

Bar: "What were poor Mac's last words?"

Tender: "It sure tastes like real stuff."

Doctor E. Cuttem sez:

"People who are so foolish as to allow themselves to become run down, usually wind up in the hospital."

A wideawake professor at Fordham passed a student who had been dead six months.

Rausch: "After I had sung my encore, there were cries of 'Fine! Fine!'"

La Noue: "Did you have to pay it?"

The publisher of an agricultural journal received the following letter: "I have a horse that sometimes appears to be normal, and at other times is very lame. What shall I do?"

The publisher replied: "The next time your horse appears normal, sell him."

Housewife: "I don't like the look of that codfish."

Pert Clerk: "Well, lady, if you want it for looks, why don't you buy a goldfish?"

Some guys would be satisfied with 5 per cent beer if the other 95 per cent were alcohol.

Parole Chief: "Are there any other reasons you would like to advance for being paroled at this time?"

Prisoner: "Yes, I'm supposed to visit my dentist twice a year."

"How much do you charge to run a death notice in your paper?"

"Fifty cents an inch."

"Good heavens; and he was six feet tall!"

Dear Editor: If you don't quit printing those jokes about stingy Scotchmen I'll quit borrowing your magazine.

"I suppose you will want me to give up my job, Henry, when we are married."

"How much do you earn at it?"

"Sixty a week."

"That isn't a job. That's a career. I wouldn't want to interrupt your career, girlie."

Customer: "Are you sure that this suit won't shrink if it gets wet on me?"

Mr. Greenberg: "Mine frendt, every fire company in town has squirted vater on dot suit."

Then there's the one about the man who phoned a taxidermist for a Mounted Policeman.

"Did you ever taste moonshine whiskey?"

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Anybody who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tastin' it has no business tryin' to drink it."

If Adam came back to earth today the only thing he'd recognize would be these jokes.

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Johnny Weismuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in

"TARZAN AND HIS MATE"

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 6-7-8

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in

"MEN IN WHITE"

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"YOU'RE TELLING ME"

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